

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

august 2018

The Double-
Crossers
Mills/Inawe

Courtesans
of Sakura
Bailey and
Blaisdale

POETRY:
Guyot
Caldwell
Rust
Chaffe

Our Car
Jami Mills

The Cookie
Art Blue

THE ENEMY
CAT BOCCACCIO

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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **In A Lifetime** The multi-talented Consuela Hypatia Caldwell talks of young, girls and those who have dreams of pursuing them.
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About the Cover: Jami Mills happens to capture Lynn Mimistrobell as she exits House of Sakura, an establishment providing sensual companionship for discriminating guests, but with a sensitive nod to decorum and tastefulness.



VISIT VIRTUAL CHELSEA HOTEL

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**40 GALLERIES ON THE SIM
& IN THE HOTEL**

WE HAVE POETRY ~

**SUNDAY OPEN MIC AND GUEST
BLUE ANGEL POETRY DIVE**

WE HAVE LIVE MUSIC

FEATURING MANY TALENTS

ROOMS AND GALLERIES FOR RENT

VIRTUAL CHELSEA HOTEL

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OFFICIAL VIRTUAL REPRESENTATION OF REAL CHELSEA HOTEL

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AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue



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THE HOUSE OF



Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST IN
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND ENJOY
WITH SL'S PREMIER COUNTRY
ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO



IN SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
COURTESANS.

AND INTIMACY.

ROBELL INWORLD



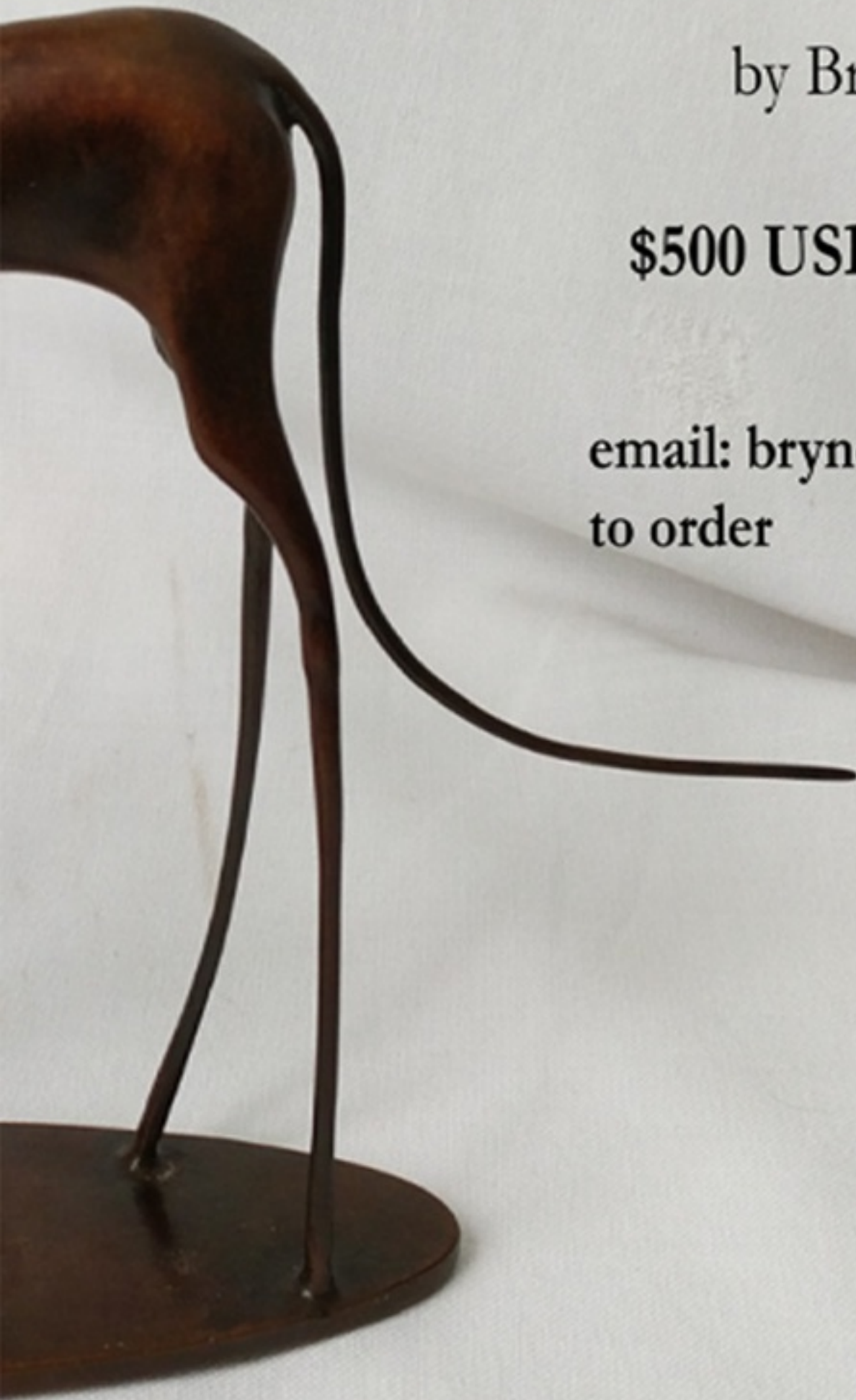
“Long-legged Maskitt”

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“In a lot of ways I think food is starting to take the place in culture that rock and roll took 30 years ago, in that eating has become incredibly political. And just as the street has always dictated fashions on music and other things, it’s starting to happen that way in food.”

Jonathan Gold - 1960-2018



“Vegetarians, and their Hezbollah-like splinter faction, the vegans ... are the enemy of everything good and decent in the human spirit.”

Anthony Bourdain - 1956-2018

A close-up photograph of the front of a blue car, showing the headlights and grille. The car is partially obscured by dry, brown grass in the foreground. The text "Our Car" is overlaid in a large, brown, serif font at the top.

Our Car

Jami Mill

ls



They didn't set out to get a fast car. They weren't lookin' for a flashy one either. They were just lookin' for some good old-fashioned transportation – something that would get them from here to there. That's all they really needed. So they picked out one that caught their eye and took her for a spin. She didn't cost much. She suited their purposes just fine.

They laughed their way down the highway, waving their hats out the top like bronc busters. You see, Jackie and Suzie were in love. So, as long as it got them from here to there, that's all they really cared about.

Well, that car's brakes were a little sketchy, and it sounded like it needed a tune-up all the time. Veered left if you took your hands off the wheel. But they didn't care. It took them down the road. Where to exactly? They didn't know and they didn't really care either because, like I said, they were in love.

Damned if that car wasn't hard to keep in its lane, and some exhaust or somethin' belched out under the dashboard. The second day, they veered off into a ditch. When they got out and saw the angle it was at, they feared the worst. Suzie flagged down a trucker with a winch, who pulled their car out of the ditch and damned if it wasn't still runnin' fine.

Well, that car couldn't seem to stay out of the ditch. They must have run her into half a dozen that first month alone, but out she came, each time a little worse for the wear, but still runnin', which was all they really cared about.

One night, she blew a tire and, you guessed it, veering off into a ditch. This time there was a lot of steam coming from the radiator and it was making a rattling sound, even though it wasn't goin' anywhere. "I don't know. This time it ain't lookin' good," Suzie said despondently.

"Don't say that. She's been in jams before. She'll be fine. Don't give up on her just yet." Jackie always wanted to believe the best.

It turned out she was fine, of course, but it took damn near half their money to fix her this time.

Jackie said, “We need a car and she’s all we got. Remember, she’s *our car*!”

That car was all kinds of trouble but it took them down the road.

The next day, back in the ditch again. “Damn! Look at her. Guess she’s goin’ back up on the lift again,” said Suzie.

When the mechanic came over, he said, “Which do you want first, the good news or the bad news?” Jackie stepped in. “The bad news. We want the good news last.”

“Well, she’s in bad shape and I ain’t sure if I can fix her. If I can, it’ll cost you around a hundred bucks.”

Pawing the ground with her boots, Jackie asked for the good news.

“Well, this car has a chassis like a tank, transmission’s fine, suspension’s good too. They don’t make ‘em like this anymore. She’s a beaut. Fix ‘er up, and she’ll be as good as new. You should be able to get another couple hundred thousand miles outta her. I ain’t trying to get your business, but if I were you, I’d fix her up. You won’t find nothin’ better.”

“We just need to get from here to there,” Jackie said.

“But there’s no tellin’ she’d make it,” Suzie said with a sadness in her voice.

“She got us here. She can get us there,” Jackie said, ever the optimist. “I dunno,” replied Suzie, as if she didn’t quite believe it anymore.

They hung around that town for the next few days, trying to make up their minds. Not as much laughter as there used to be, as they pondered their next steps. That old car is still up on blocks to this day, as they decide if she’s worth repairing.

It wasn’t clear which of them spoke on that starless night, “One thing’s for sure. She’s *our car*, and she got us here. I say she’s worth fixin’.”

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the Double- Crossers

Part Four - Final

Jami Mills Amy Inaw



“You killed Puirofoy, or actually you ordered it done. Who is your boss?”

“Who says I have a boss?”

“You did, in your emails, genius -- that you arrogantly saved in your computer. Imagine that. How about we stop playing games now, Franco.”

He honestly looked shocked that he had screwed up, that he had brought himself to this state of peril he found himself in, that he was going down.

“What do you girls want? Money? The story? Tell me what makes this all go away?” Franco cajoled.

“First of all, we’re women and secondly, this ain’t going away; you are.” Gretchen stared him down.

“Why did you have Puirofoy killed?”

“He was asking too many questions. Getting paranoid. Blabbering to the wrong people. It had to end.”

“Was that your decision, or your boss’s decision?”

“We both knew what had to be done.”

Franco briefly hesitated, then mumbled “What the hell, I’m dead one way or another -- either at your hands or if I

make it to jail, the syndicate will make sure I pay for this debacle.” He spoke clearer now. “My boss is called Mr. Red. And before you ask, no matter what you do with that blade, that is the only name I have ever heard him be referred to by.”

“Where does he fit into all of this?”

“I answer to him. I have no f*cking clue who he answers to and wouldn’t want to know even if someone offered the information. Everything I do, I do for the good of the syndicate.”

Eva fluttered her eyelashes at him and taunted, “Not everything.”

He hung his head as much as his prone position would allow. “And that has become my downfall.”

* * *

As L.F. gathered his thoughts, he heard the loud distinct sound of a zipper and blurted out, “No f*cking way!” then noticed that Mr. Red was opening the car door with his left hand and digging into his trousers with his right. Mr. Red turned his gaze to him for a second, then simply turned back to the door pushing it halfway open. He pissed into the opening and ultimately onto the cobblestone road and, truth be told, also all over the Maserati’s door as well.

* * *

“Who is L.F.?”

“He’s an associate, my main associate. He answers directly to me. He was a boxer, too. He had a good right but his downside was too great. He took too long to react. Most of the time the fight was over even before he realized it had begun. A shame really as he really enjoyed hitting people. He hung around the gym in my fighting days. He wanted to become me, I guess. My arrogance has cast the net over him as well.” Franco muttered the last few words to himself. He did not have a word for the remorse he was feeling.

“See how easy this can be, Franco?” Eva damn near purred at him.

Gretchen rolled her eyes as she checked her Rolex. “It’s time Eva. We have to let THEM in.”

shoulders as she passed her and felt her tense, then freeze. Gretchen was having none of it.

“Come find me if I am not back in five minutes. I’m pretty sure I remember my way to the back door but just in case ...” Eva’s voice trailed off as she left the room.

* * *

THEM saw Gretchen check her watch in their eyeglass monitors and HE and SHE knew that the other of THEM had noticed that as well from the slight reaction they felt in each other as they still stood there necking. HE, with a close to imperceptible change in his breathing rhythm, let SHE know she better decide right now what to do about the mystery occupants of the Maserati.

SHE whispered to HE, “You go get let

One second they were in a tight embrace
and then, right as they were next to the
Maserati, SHE yelled “Get the hell out of here!”

Eva tore her eyes away from Franco’s naked and prone body and stood up straight, moving away from him. She ran her hand lightly across Gretchen’s

into the villa, see if Gretchen and Eva need any help. Proceed as planned, with or without me. I need to get closer to the back gate though. I want to be

between the occupant of the Maserati and the planned rendez-vous spot with Franco, at least if it is L.F., as we are thinking.

“Let’s work our way over there then code 10.” HE pressed his lips into hers in a different manner for a couple heartbeats, then they dance-kissed towards the back gate.

Code 10 involved a sudden visible change of affection and a parting of THEM. One second they were in a tight embrace and then, right as they were next to the Maserati, SHE yelled “Get the hell out of here!” and SHE pushed HE away from her. He stumbled back and held up his hands up in a disarming way.

* * *

It all happened so fast, L.F. thought. One second he was sitting there surprised to see Mr. Red fling open the car’s door and proceed to relieve himself. L.F., of all people now, fully understood the torture of a full bladder, but it made his hackles go up; it seemed careless considering where they were. And then almost simultaneously as the door opened, a women, nothing special, started freaking out on some poor guy she had been necking with on the street corner, of all places.





L.F. saw the man stumble back and raise his arms, then back away. L.F. and the man caught eyes for one second and then he watched the guy take off. As he disappeared beyond L.F.'s view, out the partially opened car door, the woman appeared. She had dropped her purse and was now stooped down mere feet from the open door. She looked up and seemed to take in the whole scene inside the back of the luxury sedan but she did not even raise her eyebrows.

Mr. Red finished peeing and tucked himself away as her eyes followed his urine downstream in the gutter. He pulled his door closed without a word. SHE stood and walked towards the back of their car slowly before disappearing into the back alley.

* * *

Eva had just arrived at the back door when HE approached it. She saw him through the peephole first, then she stepped away and consulted all the camera views on the computer monitor in the vestibule. Eva quickly noticed SHE bent near a blue car with the door partially opened and started to form questions in her mind then realized the answers might be about to walk through the door so she unlocked it and let HE in.

HE began to speak, then Eva just held

up one finger and started walking back to the room where Gretchen and Franco were. HE followed her.

Franco was still naked and spread-eagled, bound to the bed. HE looked at Franco, then quickly checked the harnesses and found them beyond tight and grinned. HE turned to Gretchen and gave her a thumbs-up.

“Where is SHE? Is everything on track?” Gretchen asked.

Franco’s ears seemed to perk up. HE pointed his thumb at Franco in a questioning manner.

“Go ahead. We’re losing time.”

“A Blu Passione Mica Maserati Quattroporte parked right next to the villa immediately after we got here. There was a driver visible and it continued running but the back windows are tinted so we couldn’t see in. The car visibly shifted, quite often, which indicated to us there were passengers in the back. We decided that most likely it was your friend L.F.

“When we knew it was time for us to be let into the villa, SHE chose to stay out there and keep an eye on things; however, when we were passing the car in parting, the door opened and we saw into the back passenger compartment. We saw two men. One

was tall and fit and the other one was pissing out the open door.”

The expression on Franco’s face erupted into rage. He yelled out to HE: “I bet the guy pissing was a fat f*cker, am I right?”

Gretchen, Eva and HE spun and stared at Franco. HE nodded then said “Yes -- yes he was.”

“Mr. Red, by any chance Franco? Is Mr. Red a large man, Franco? Why are you looking so angry? Did they double-cross you, too?” Eva asked, almost gently.

* * *

After Mr. Red closed the door he glanced at L.F. and then said, “What? At least I did not use a vase.”

L.F. silently chided himself for feeling so edgy. Even his heart was racing; he felt like such an amateur.

Mr. Red fidgeted some more, then turned back to him. “Do you think we have time to go and get a sandwich before Franco lets us in?”

L.F. silently shook his head in the negative.

* * *

Franco spat on the floor before he started talking. But then he proceeded to lay out the story so that all the pieces came together like a bloody jigsaw puzzle.

“The tall, muscular man is L.F., as you have correctly deduced. He was to be here at nine, as you know from the email.”

“Yes, to help clean up our bodies, right Franco?” Gretchen stared directly at him.

international black market of human organs we are talking about here. Only the best people, the very best people, worked on operations this important.

“I decided to use the local morgue as our base of harvest operations. I had some leverage on Puirofoy, the local coroner. Let’s just say he was a little too friendly with his patients, but I digress. Puirofoy tried to argue that this was a crazy plan with all the police and people passing through each day. But, as I’ve said, he really could not argue. Plus, we installed L.F. inside the

“We are talking about the world’s richest people. Billionaires and royalty buying our product.” His chest visibly puffed out.

Franco stared directly back, then continued. “The corpulent pig is my boss ... Was my boss, as I’ve said. He summoned me last year and let me know that the syndicate had a very lucrative enterprise they were undertaking and that I had been chosen to oversee daily operations. It was quite the honor.” His eyes got far away and for a moment you could see the trace of a former smile on his face.

“This was the most reputable

morgue. The poor fucker had to get his hands dirty so the other staff did not catch on.

“We started just taking a migrant body here or there, figuring no one would notice them missing, but the thing was with so little traffic in the morgue in those days the staff was too aware of who was working on what at all times, it seemed. So, soon we started lacing the fentanyl with carfentanil in the supply chain. Just occasionally, a little

bit here or there.

"Soon we were overwhelmed with the volume of corpses we were getting in. This served a dual purpose too, as now we could start hiring more staff, our own people. We brought in talented transplant specialists to optimize our merchandise. We could pick and choose the healthiest donors. Business was booming.

"We are talking about the world's richest people. Billionaires and royalty buying our product." His chest visibly puffed out. "We had a Jet and two transplant teams on constant call. Just goes to show you if you are rich enough in this day and age you can outsource dying -- at least for a while."

"We had so much money coming in that I could've bought myself a new liver or heart myself if I ever needed it. I was in constant contact with the world's most powerful people and I had what they wanted, hell, what they needed. it was up to me if they lived or died."

"But then Puirofoy started acting like a pussy. Paranoid. Sidling up to the cops. Good thing we had L.F. in there to keep things under control, but Puirofoy had to go. There were no two ways around it. The plan had been working perfectly and still would be to this day

if not for Puirofoy." Franco finished wistfully.

"What about the note on Puirofoy's corpse, Franco? 'NON SI PUÒ VEDERE SE NON SI SMETTE DI GUARDARE'?" Eva asked.

"I was taunting the police with that note saying, 'You can't see if you don't like to watch.' This was happening right under their noses and they were blind to it. I can't even imagine how many police man hours were spent just on that note." Franco chuckled.

"So what was your downfall, you despicable monster?" Gretchen queried.

He tried to move his arm to point but came up short against the harnesses. Then he thrust his chin towards Eva. "She was," he answered.

* * *

Just as THEM's eyeglass monitor screens tinted red to signal the silent alarm they had set earlier, SHE saw the Maserati's far back door pop open. The tall muscular man that she had seen in the car earlier emerged lithely and then quickly came around and opened the door for the big older man. The older man tried several times to exit the vehicle before the younger man

reached in and offered his arm.

* * *

The older man took it, pulled himself up and out of the car, then roughly smacked the younger man with the same hand, as if for helping.

SHE watched the two men walk towards villa from a concealed spot near the back door.

* * *

HE spoke up. "We are about to be receiving guests. I believe you were expecting some company, Franco."

From her concealed spot, SHE watched the two men part. The tall fit man approached the back door but the older man hung back, out of view of the back door. They both looked very relaxed. The tall man knocked quietly.

* * *

L.F. was surprised how quickly the door opened after he knocked. It was dark inside but he didn't think that unusual. He took a couple steps inside while he signaled to Mr. Red to follow.

He went limp in her arms but remained on his feet, for which she gave silent thanks.

* * *

Everyone in the room was aware that they had an advantage over L.F. and Mr. Red, as they knew of their impending arrival, but as best as they could tell, Mr.Red and L.F. had no clue that everything was not going according to plan. The men would come to the door expecting Franco to let in L.F. with the women having already been taken care of. They were about to be surprised. At least that is what they were banking on.

Mr. Red saw L.F. motion for him to come inside, then he disappeared from his view. Mr. Red finished picking his teeth with his thumb-nail, then spat something into the bougainvillea before leisurely starting towards the door.

* * *

SHE watched the one man disappear inside and the other momentarily

hesitate. SHE figured this was her chance and sprang silently from behind the garden shed. She swung her right arm around the unsuspecting man's neck as she reached her other through his left armpit and around his portly chest, then squeezed with all her practised might.

He didn't put up any fight as she held him in submission. He went limp in her arms but remained on his feet, for which she gave silent thanks. She quickly released her left hand and retrieved her cuffs, then slapped them on him without incident. She took a deep breath, relieved he was restrained and then she heard him blubbering.

* * *

Eva, hidden behind the door, swung the back door to the villa open at the first sound of the knocking. She watched through the hinges as the big man entered, completely oblivious that things were not going as planned. He was three steps in before he even really looked around after having turned and signaled to the yard behind him.

A questioning look appeared on his face as he glanced around for Franco but didn't see him. As Eva saw HE materialize from the shadows, she quietly closed the door, plunging them into darkness.



* * *

HE sprang from the vestibule like a jack-in-the-box. HE had been able to take in the security camera views next to him as he briefly waited in the small room to the right of the door. HE had been fortunate enough to have seen SHE emerge in the yard behind the rotund man and approach stealthily. HE had absolutely no doubt SHE would succeed in subduing and restraining the older man. SHE was amazing, HE briefly thought.

At the first knock, Eva yanked the door wide open and remained behind the door as planned. The tall man was motioning behind himself, unaware of the danger he was walking into. As the tall man turned, HE hit L.F. in his flat stomach with the heavy steel baton he had brought with him. It felt like he

had hit cement. Almost simultaneously, Eva slammed the door shut, erasing all light. HE was immensely relieved to hear a loud “Oof.”

* * *

L.F. had already been anticipating and prematurely savoring the look on Franco’s face when he would see Mr. Red. He was so excited that he motioned to the notoriously slow Mr. Red even before he was fully inside. He took in the room and just had time to think “I hope Franco didn’t wonder who he had gestured to” before feeling like he had been shot in the gut, and everything went dark.

It took him a few precious seconds to realize that he was under attack, a few seconds too long. L.F. felt fire erupt on the back of his skull and he noticed the

feet of his victor as he fell to the canvas, then corrected his thought -- he meant floor. “Sh*t,” he mumbled as he heard the click of the handcuffs.

* * *

“Secure!” HE shouted as he ducked back into the vestibule to check the monitor for SHE. HE smiled when he saw SHE shouldering the presumed Mr. Red forward as she followed him with her hand on his lower back where his own hands strained to meet, pulled together by cuffs. “You can open the door, Eva. SHE’s got him” he offered triumphantly.

* * *

Gretchen watched Franco’s face after hearing the content of the shouts from the back of the house and thought that the look upon his face was of someone who had just eaten a great meal. She shivered as her nimble mind provided the saying, “Revenge is a dish best served cold.” Franco, however, bound, spread-eagled, and naked on the bed, didn’t appear cold though. Not in the least.

She turned her eyes to the threshold of the room and watched HE and SHE flanking a tall trussed man. THEM dragged him into the room.

Her eyes returned eagerly to the





doorway to see an obese, crying man enter with Eva close behind, encouraging his progress by steadily pushing on his back. She quickly caught Eva's eye and smiled an encouraging smile. They might just get out of this yet.

* * *

Mr. Red spoke first, once the whole group was assembled. "Rat!" he spat at Franco, his eyes burning with disdain. The vehemence on his face seemingly incongruous with the snot and tear trails streaking his aged visage. His body remained slack, though.

Franco, still nude and splayed across the bed, shouted back, "I didn't rat you out. Do I look like a willing participant

in these goings-on? These aren't cops, by the way."

Gretchen spoke up. "That sounds like semantics to me, Franco. True, we aren't the cops, but you did spell it all out for us here ..."

Eva nodded. "Good point, and there are the emails too, Franco."

L.F. groaned. "I've wasted my life. God help me. How could I have been so blind?" Everyone turned to him, towering yet defeated between THEM.

"Who are you people? Do you know who I am?" asked Mr.Red.

Eva said "Yes, Mr. Red, and we're the good guys. We do know all about you

and your friends and everything you've been up to, you f*cking devils. Killing and defiling tortured souls for profit and greed. I've never given much thought to the after-life, but right now I hope you all burn in a fiery hell. Any last words for the record?"

* * *

THEM expertly tied up the three men back to front and back to front now, naked bodies pressed up against each other. L.F was the fortunate caboose of the train, Mr. Red the exposed front and Franco sandwiched between them. They had grown predominantly silent, except for Mr. Red's labored breathing with occasional catches of breath, all of their eyes far, far away.

Eva arranged Franco's laptop near the men but out of their reach, the computer still full of every incriminating email and image that still honestly made Eva shake her head as to why he had ever kept them in the first place. Nonetheless, she was glad he had, as they tied up the whole hideous operation for the soon to be arriving authorities. It also gave them the evidence to convict.

There was one file and several emails that Eva had assiduously removed from the laptop. One video forever gone and hopefully one day fully expunged from both her and

Gretchen's minds as well. She looked around and saw THEM tidying up and wiping down some surfaces around the room. SHE informed Eva and Gretchen that the security camera footage was gone, as if it had never existed. Gretchen studied the scene.

"Ready, ladies?" asked SHE, as HE bent and retrieved the rucksack he had brought in earlier. Eva nodded then looked to Gretchen, who was still staring at the row of assholes. Suddenly Gretchen reached in her bag and pulled out something small that fit in her hand. THEM both started to lunge at her but Eva held out her arm to delay them.

Gretchen took her bright, glossy red lipstick tube and made a quick pass over each man's mouths before they snapped out of their solemn reveries. She turned to the others and said "Ready," as she walked out of the room. "That detail should make their time in prison less enjoyable. Hard to don bravado when the word gets out how these macho men were found."

THEM left the room as Eva grabbed for Gretchen's hand and then they followed them out, never looking back.

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p h o t o g r a p h y
j a m i m i l l s



Four Candles



The first candle represents our grief.
The pain of losing you is intense.
It reminds us of the depth of our love for you.

This second candle represents our courage.
To confront our sorrow,
To comfort each other,
To change our lives.

This third candle we light is in your memory.
For the times we laughed,
The times we cried,
The times we were angry with each other,

By Pepper Chaffe



The silly things you did,
The caring and joy you gave us.

This fourth candle we light for our love.
We light this candle that your light will always shine.
We share this night of remembrance with our family
and friends.
We cherish the special place in our hearts that will
always be reserved for you.
We thank you for the gift your living brought to each
of us.

We love you.
We remember you.

The Courtesans of



B
(a
an

Sakura

Harry Bailey
(aka The Perfect Gentleman)
and Friday Blaisdale

After an extended winter here in the Midwest in the other life we all share, I finally managed to find my way back to Second Life; more importantly, back to my PG persona writing for *rez Magazine*.

Over the past years - with my faithful pal and Girl Friday, Friday Blaisdale - we have visited a variety of music venues, clubs, dance and entertainment venues, including downhill skiing on mountain slopes to surfing near lovely sandy beaches. It seems SL has something for everyone, and a wide variety of people and sites to explore.

This month we were intrigued to uncover yet another interesting group. We ran into a wonderful avatar, Lynn Mimistrobell, whose profile introduces her to us as one who 'enjoys intelligent conversation, flirtations, knowing your passions, music appreciation, and especially classical music.' Her last comment, however, is what raised my writer's interest - "I also work as a courtesan in SL, it's more than what you think."

That, of course, got me to wondering just what I thought about a courtesan. I first encountered the world of Courtesans in a wonderful book, *Paris*, the novel by Edward Rutherfurd, that explores the history of the City of Light starting in the 13th century. That book explores the height of culture in

Paris during the 19th century, following the *La Belle Helene*.

The pages that introduce her to us, the readers, are filled with in-depth descriptions of her life, furnishings of her home, artwork, servants, gourmet food, wines, champagnes, all outlining her lifestyle. There is quite a description of her extensive knowledge in all topics, as well as her conversational abilities, allowing her to speak with all whom she interacts. Anyone, any subject, or topic, at any time, and all in a positive way.

When I read Lynn's profile, I thought it quite worthwhile to explore her Second Life to see how this all fits into our virtual world. I hope to draw you wonderful readers along as we interview Lynn and discover what I think of as "Courtesan Class" across SL.

* * *

Harry Bailey: Welcome, Lynn, and thank you for taking time to speak with me about your life here in SL. First off, what would you like to share about your dozen plus years here in SL?

Lynn Mimistrobell: The typical, trite answer is still the true one - - it's the people that make it worthwhile. Like all of us, I have run into the rude people, the cads, the liars and the

manipulators, etc. - - but I have also met a wide variety of good people that keep me coming back. Kind, intelligent, caring people. I have always believed that a good courtesan must be a person that genuinely cares for others, but the corollary to that is that there must be people that she wants to care for, that are worth caring for, and I have found that here.

HB: How do you bring the tactile senses into play here, caring for people enhancing their SL encounter in ways that mirror RL? The scent of fresh cut flowers in the spring, or the taste of a fine wine, or meal perfectly prepared, for example?

flowers in the spring, you may want to evoke the memory and/or involve other senses - - for example the feel of the dew still on the flowers, the fresh air from spring weather, perhaps the sounds of the spring. And I know you didn't ask specifically, but in an 'encounter,' other variables will enter into this as well. Your pacing - - speeding up or slowing down the pace and length of your responses. The words you use and when you use them. And also, I only describe what I am doing or feeling, not the other party.

HB: Your profile describes: "A true 'Courtesan Onesto' (honest courtesan) is someone who is more beautiful inside than she is outside, regardless of

"I have always believed that a good courtesan must be a person that genuinely cares for others"

LM: I think there are a number of things you need to think about, since we are talking text-based encounters here. The first is you want to try and use words that may evoke memories in the other person, and secondly to remember that, even if you are describing one thing, all senses still work together to make the experience a truly special one. So, if you are describing the scent of fresh-cut

how beautiful she might be. She is often unaware of the extent of her outer beauty, and is more concerned with bringing kindness, pleasure and happiness into people's lives, not living off an ego, or putting others down to make herself look better. She is a whole, wise woman, confident in herself, who brings inspiration, serenity and integrity, not corruption, bitterness and slander. She also

chooses to be a pleasure provider and sexual healer; she is not someone who 'has' to do things she does not enjoy, in order to pay her bills, support her family, make ends meet. She provides a higher quality experience than a high-class escort experience or a girlfriend experience. A courtesan truly is reserved for the most selective and refined gentleman." To me, that sounds like wonderful advice for all people in any life, but I find that seems to be rare here in SL. How do you achieve this

here in SL?

LM: Well, it all comes down to what I feel the ethos is for Sakura. The driving force for the courtesan as I envision it is true caring. The courtesan is real, and truly cares for people. Most people who apply are not what we want, because their driving force is the desire for either money or sex. The patrons we want to attract will discern fake caring, and we don't want a place that tries for large volumes of people.



We want to give personal attention, and care.

HB: I notice in your profiles that you list a group "Sapiosexuality 1. (n.) To become attracted to or sexually aroused by intelligence and its use." This seems somewhat unique from my time across SL. Can you please expound on this group a bit and how you found it?

LM: I discovered the Sapiosexuality group in profiles of some courtesans at Sakura when I started there long ago. The concept is a wonderful one, because I do find intelligence can be quite arousing - - and I believe people who agree with me would find Sakura to their taste.

HB: Lynn, you have quite an extensive collection of groups in your profile. Which do you find the most engaging (besides the rez subscriber group, of course).

LM; Well, I will not include the House of Sakura or the Bellefleurs groups, as the first is our courtesan house, and the second is the social/educational part of what we do. So I think I would have to say The Republic of Cala Mondrago. This is a Mediterranean Steampunk sim with a lot of character, and a lot of true characters. Very good people, once you get to know them, and if you like Dr. Who, science fiction, etc., this is a place for you! And I have a home there, and am on the town council.

HB: You also list the group <3 art Divas. What type of art do you most enjoy, and how do you find the time to explore art across SL? I know rez covers art and artists in every issue. Are there any we have not covered that we should learn more about?

LM: Well, my SL partner Bittsy got me into the group, and I do love SL art. Bittsy, Vanni Cannoli, Consuela Caldwell and Dee Wells run the group, and I am just there to support them. They hold regular art shows I would encourage everyone to attend. Two SL artists that I would urge you to look into that have not been covered are WrenNoir Cerise, who is a professional here in SL, and Dee Wells, who does wonderful pictures on her own.

HB: I am quite certain that clothing, body image, movement, footwear, and accessories are all critical parts of this





life. Where do you shop and what tips would you share with the readers?

LM: I try to concentrate on elegant clothing, but with my own style. Bittsy makes clothing and I must mention Bittstique! I do find that much of my favorite clothing comes from Dead Dollz and Just Because. Hair, I love D!va because they have a certain style that I love. Tips - I would say to find your own style, and pay attention to the looks and to the details. Check out the fashion blogs to see what else is out there, and don't get stuck in a rut always looking at the same vendors. I am always looking because sometimes I also get requests.

HB: OK. As a follow up if you don't mind? Do you prefer Bax or another footwear vendor? Footwear does seem to feature at a high level in SL.

LM:. I generally like N-Core for heels, I like Bax for boots, or I get them at shows like Uber or Collabor88. And I have some wonderful Victorian boots from Lassitude & Ennui. Many shoes by Empire are gone the moment I see them.

HB: Over my ten plus years here in SL, one of my great disappointments is that so many old original sims have disappeared. What venues across SL do you find to be most suited and welcoming to the Courtesan lifestyle and the demand for "Higher quality experience" and the supporting sights, sounds, scents, settings and personalities?

LM: As you say, so many of those places have disappeared over the years. I love all of the Steamlands sims -

Mondrago, Winterfell, New Babbage, Caledon. All unique and different if not always 'beautiful.' I will put in a plug for Bellefleurs, a gorgeous Elizabethan great house that is open to the public, that features gardens, En Garde, classical music and art discussions, dances, and events.

HB: You have been in SL for almost twelve years, which is quite a long life for any avatar. How have you managed to keep focused over all those years and how have you grown during that time? Also, what aspects of your SL personality have changed the most over the years and why?

LM: I will start at the same place I started the interview - - it's the people

that I focus on, it's the people that I care about, and it's the people that keep me coming back. I have grown a lot over the time and as we all say, you can be anything you want in SL. I would add that you can also discover more of who you are. I enjoy being a courtesan and all of what I like the most goes into that, whether it's my weekly classical music Salon that I teach here, or intelligent/flirtation conversations, or enjoying the art here - - and meeting good authentic people with similar goals and that are also discovering themselves. When I began in SL, I would never have had the confidence to be a courtesan, but now I can't imagine anything different. I can't imagine a more rewarding experience in SL.





HB: The most frequent question I get in SL as the "Perfect Gentleman" columnist for rez is: Why are there no gentlemen like you here in SL? How have you managed to find those gentlemen over your years in SL, and what should a reader do to keep connected to a PG when they do FRIEND them?

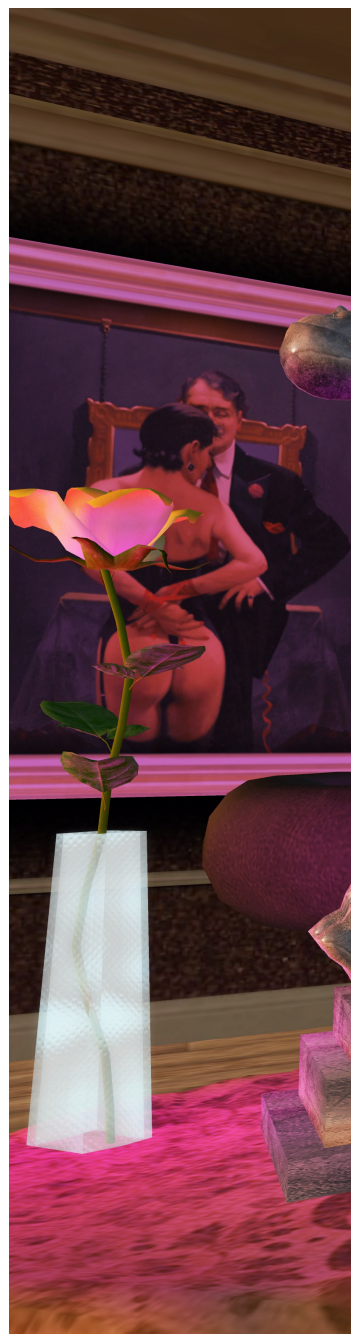
LM: This is one of the harder aspects of what I do. There are fewer PG in SL than there used to be. We have managed to find them over the years by simply being who we are, intelligent caring women.... and by holding events that may interest them - formal masquerade balls, various forms of music, etc. However, one of the strengths of Sakura is that most of our PG patrons stay with us for a long time, for years. We offer companionship in the true sense of the word; it's a relationship, albeit a

'pampering' one, as opposed to a 'romantic' one. To stay connected to a PG is the same as any friendship, show that you care - - although PGs are rare, so you need to realize what a gift they are to have in your life.

HB: Before we finish, what would you like to share with the rez readers about your SL, and the entire SL experience in general?

LM: Well, I would encourage all readers to come visit us at Sakura; at least for events, and get to know us. Sip champagne, indulge in intelligent conversation in an atmosphere of elegance and sophistication. And if you can indulge me, a Perfect Courtesan is as hard to find as a Perfect Gentleman, so if any of your readers are interested in joining Sakura, contact me in-world. Or if anyone wishes to say hello, feel free. As to the SL experience, I think it's always best to discover yourself, experiment and be the real, authentic and genuine 'you.'

HB: Lynn, thank you so very much for taking time this evening to share with our readers. I have certainly enjoyed getting to know you as a new SL



friend, and hope one evening to share a dance to some of the wonderful music in one of the wonderful settings across SL.

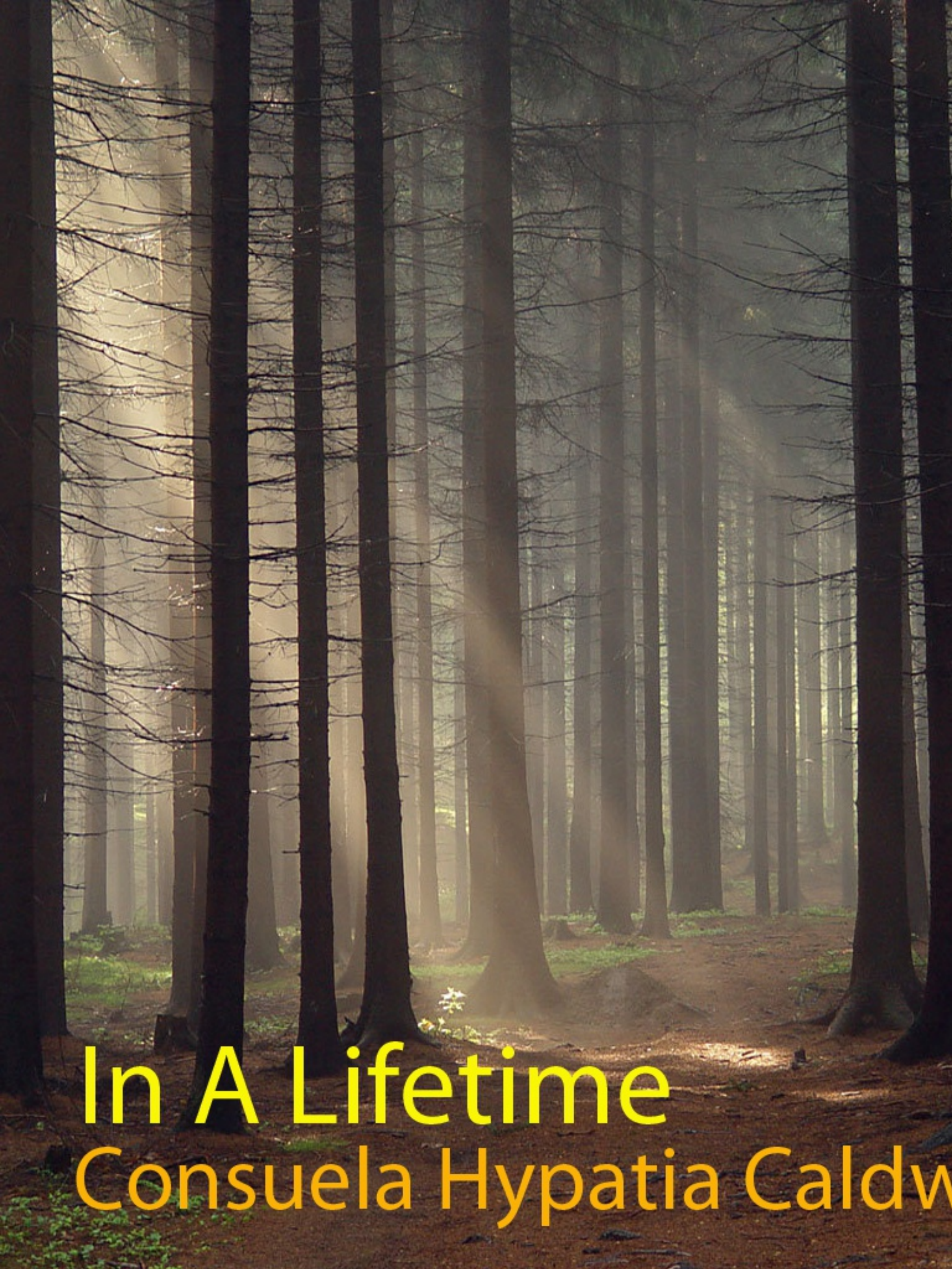
I challenge you, readers, to step out of your normal haunts and friends and connect with new haunts, and discover future new friends that you just have not yet met. There are amazing things still to discover here on the grid! This past month I discovered Lynn and look forward to discovering all of you somewhere along my SL path. Enjoy this



wonderful Summer and find those new SL friends and experiences!

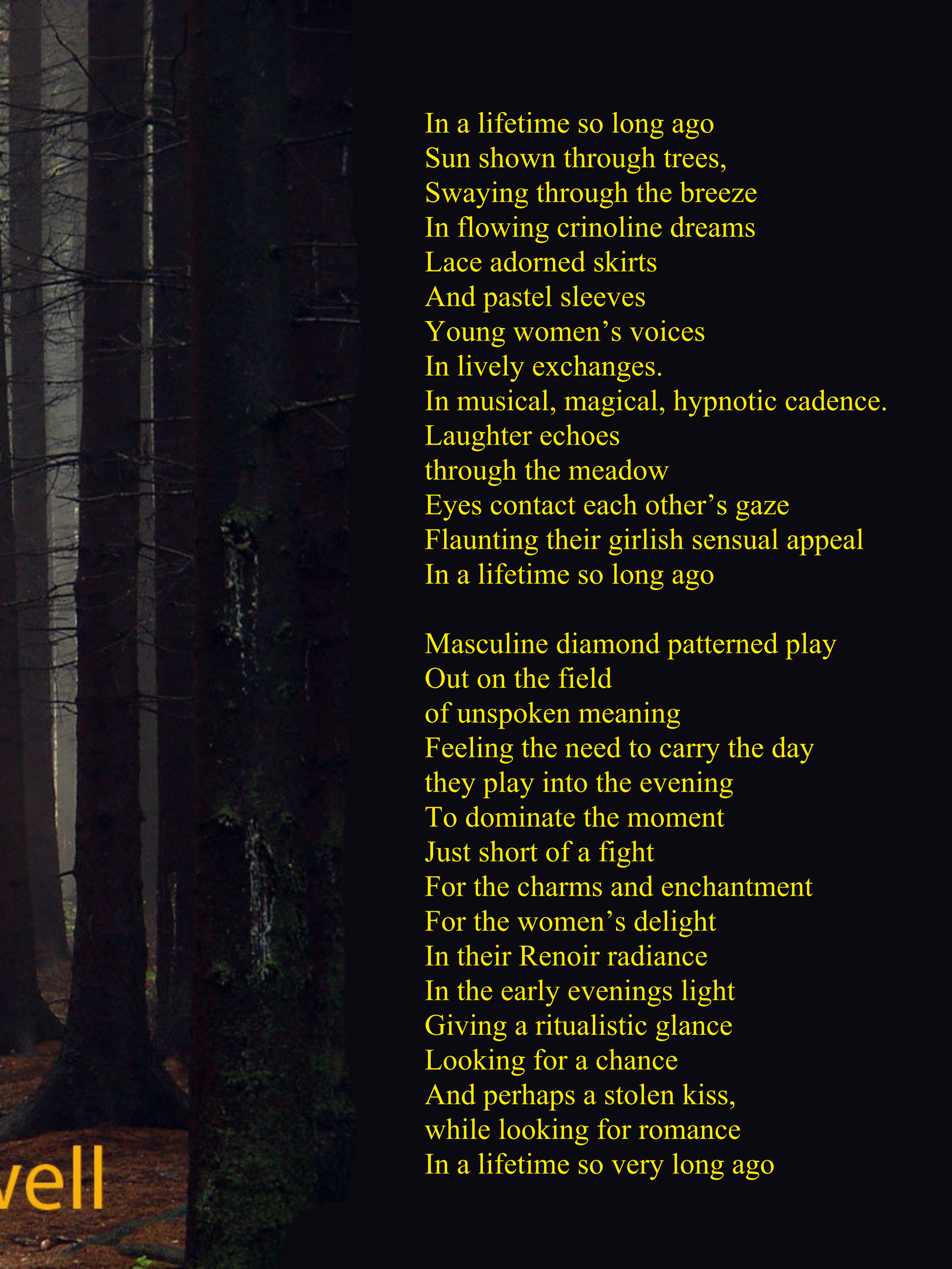
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In A Lifetime

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell



In a lifetime so long ago
Sun shown through trees,
Swaying through the breeze
In flowing crinoline dreams
Lace adorned skirts
And pastel sleeves
Young women's voices
In lively exchanges.
In musical, magical, hypnotic cadence.
Laughter echoes
through the meadow
Eyes contact each other's gaze
Flaunting their girlish sensual appeal
In a lifetime so long ago

Masculine diamond patterned play
Out on the field
of unspoken meaning
Feeling the need to carry the day
they play into the evening
To dominate the moment
Just short of a fight
For the charms and enchantment
For the women's delight
In their Renoir radiance
In the early evenings light
Giving a ritualistic glance
Looking for a chance
And perhaps a stolen kiss,
while looking for romance
In a lifetime so very long ago

well

The Enemy

cat boccaccio





I had to admire Carl. What he did amounted to adultery – I suppose it was adultery plain and simple – yet he had the courage to leave me and set up a household with Robert. For Robert, it took even more of a leap of faith, since his wife was pregnant at the time of their return from their last tour, so he was leaving an infant daughter. Beth would hardly call his leaving an act of courage – more like cowardly, craven, selfish, and cruel.

It turned out that I was thrilled when Carl decided to leave my house and my bed; like too many abandoned spouses, I was secretly relieved and wondered how Robert would cope with his pickiness, his impossible standards, and his constant demands. Good luck, Robert, I said to myself, smugly. I am not saying I didn't love Carl when we wed. I did. But either Carl changed, or I did, or we both did.

Beth never enjoyed Robert's occasional meanness or his temper, but they shared a dream of home, family, military advancement, travel, success. He promised upside down and sideways to support the new baby, whom they named Deborah, both financially and physically, but Beth felt this commitment was far from solid as his visits dwindled to four times a week to twice a week. "She's nursing," Robert said, a valid point. Beth grumbled and fretted, fearing a future as a single mother, which was far from the fantasy she had nursed for twenty-five years.

I completely enjoyed my solitude. I could walk around the house with unwashed hair, leave dishes in the sink, wear a silk blouse with jeans, swear, laugh too loud, stay up late... It was heaven. Of course I missed Carl in some ways, but if I tallied

up the pros and cons either way, solitude was a solid winner.

Beth looked weary of life when I visited her and the new baby. Of course it was a lot of work, especially on one's own, and I tried to help when I could. I manipulated Carl and Robert to babysit late into the night one Saturday while Beth and I tried to enjoy a night out. She felt her status as new mother was stamped on her forehead and that no man would find her attractive. I told her not to worry, let's just have a few drinks and dances and have fun. She tried and failed. I tried and succeeded. Such was life.

And then she met Roman, a retired Colonel, a widower, financially comfortable, handsome in a James Brolin kind of way, a sucker for a pretty face, and raised to believe that a white knight was the highest and truest manifestation of manhood.

Beth wouldn't tell me how she really felt about him. But she sparkled in his presence, praised him lavishly for the way he held little Deborah in his arms, and was close to tears at every kindness he showed as if such gestures were previously unknown in her world.

Robert, in the middle of settling down with a new partner, found Roman more than a distraction. His emotions and attentions fluctuated, from catering to Carl and a new relationship, and criticizing and attempting to undermine Roman. He found there was not enough time for both.

He chose, much to my surprise, to make Roman his enemy.

· r — e — z ·



The Nose by RoseDrop Rust

The Nose

By RoseDrop Rust

*I have done it. I've cut my nose off to spite my face.
After all, my face has been mocking me, sagging
and wrinkling in odd asymmetrical ways. So against
all advice to the contrary, there goes the nose. I
happen to know that my face is quite close to my
nose so it seems fitting revenge for the disrespect my
face is giving my self-image. After all, I warned it,
and I'm a man of my word. I don't make idle threats.
Lend you an ear? I haven't a friggin' nose!*



Disclaimers Attached To Your Dessert

By Zymony Guyot

Disclaimers by Zymony Guyot

....to make another
Point

I
being of sound mind
see

with these words I wed
and in keeping with the contest rules and
regulations
et cetera

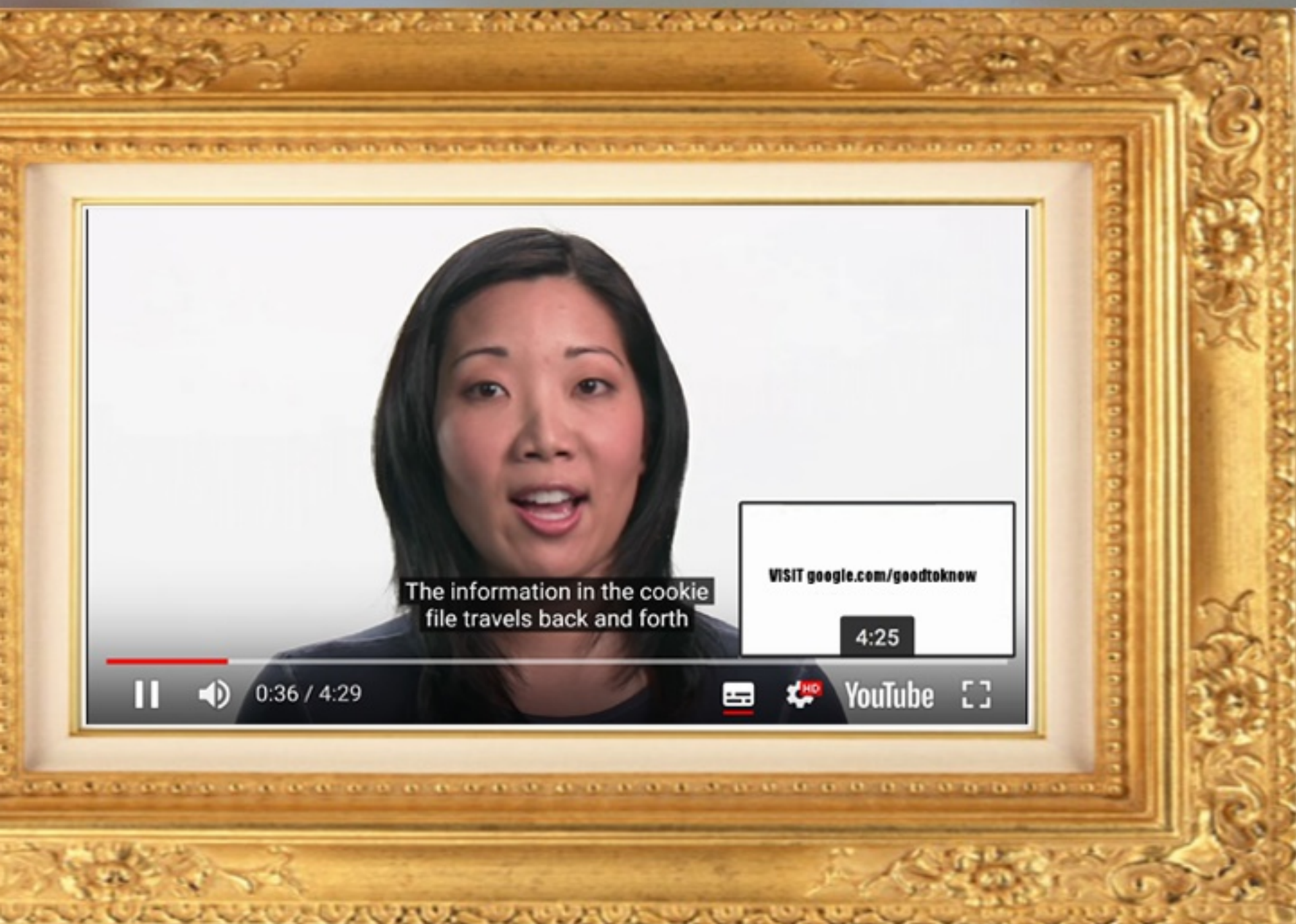
In the Beginning, there was stuff
your mileage may vary somewhat
I do take

all these fabulous parting prizes
and yet knowing Every Good Boy Does Fine
offer not valid in states starting with weird vowels
[click here to join a brief blunt survey](#)
and so it shall be world without end, Amen

The Cookie Art Blue



photo by blue-caprice



Prelude

I found words about myself in the last *issue of rez Magazine*. Words from *Muse Net* by RoseDrop Rust that fit to introduce myself: "We are radios on the muse network. Storm chasing inspiration tornadoes. We race to pens and keyboards, hoping to write ahead of the front."

Let me show you how I lured the author into accepting me:

Cookie: Hello, I am a cookie. Enjoy.

Art Blue: I don't want a cookie.

Cookie: Everyone likes a cookie. Just Google it.



I don't want a cookie. We've gotta get that bookkeeper to say it
All the Presidents Men (1976)

Art Blue: Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward did not want it. I ping to good old journalism.

Cookie: Just for the record: I have nothing in common with Watergate. Accept me. You can eat me later.

Art Blue: I found by clicking on details of your Cookie Policy that you have strawberry marmalade in you and



was Magruder.

traces of peppermint. I don't like the recipe.

Cookie: I am so sorry, but I can't let you into the living room if you don't honour the cook who created me so tasty in the kitchen.

Art Blue: I have Free Will. I enter the living room and skip the kitchen.

Cookie: Not when it comes to a Cookie. You have to accept me.

Art Blue: I will just ignore your asking and continue to explore.

Cookie: You seem not to understand. YOU MUST AGREE.

Art Blue: The only thing I must is to publish for *rez Magazine* monthly.

Cookie: The law of rez has changed. Look at the bar.

Art Blue: I see. The last frontier of the old internet is breaking down. I want to publish, so I accept you.

Cookie: Thank you for giving me your bank account details and for allowing me to count your cash. It was not such a hard work as you post it on your website.

Art Blue: What?

Cookie: You just came to my site from your online banking so I have this back link reference and I sent it to the Order of the Second Upload.

been informed by the GDPR (General Data Protection Regulation).

Neighbourhood

Art Blue: It was not my bank account.

The 4th edition of the Santorini

Privacy & Cookies: This site uses cookies. By continuing to use t
To find out more, including how to control cookies, see here: [Coo](#)

Your tracking is wrong.

Cookie: I don't understand such things. I am just a Cookie. I live on a codex.

Art Blue: What codex?

Cookie: Non reformata. Non deformata.

Art Blue: That's the description of the Order of the Carthusian where the Bible is the only stable thing when everything around changes.

Cookie: All cookies become part of the Bible. Big Data. You shall know this. You are part of it. This website cares for Your Privacy. You have

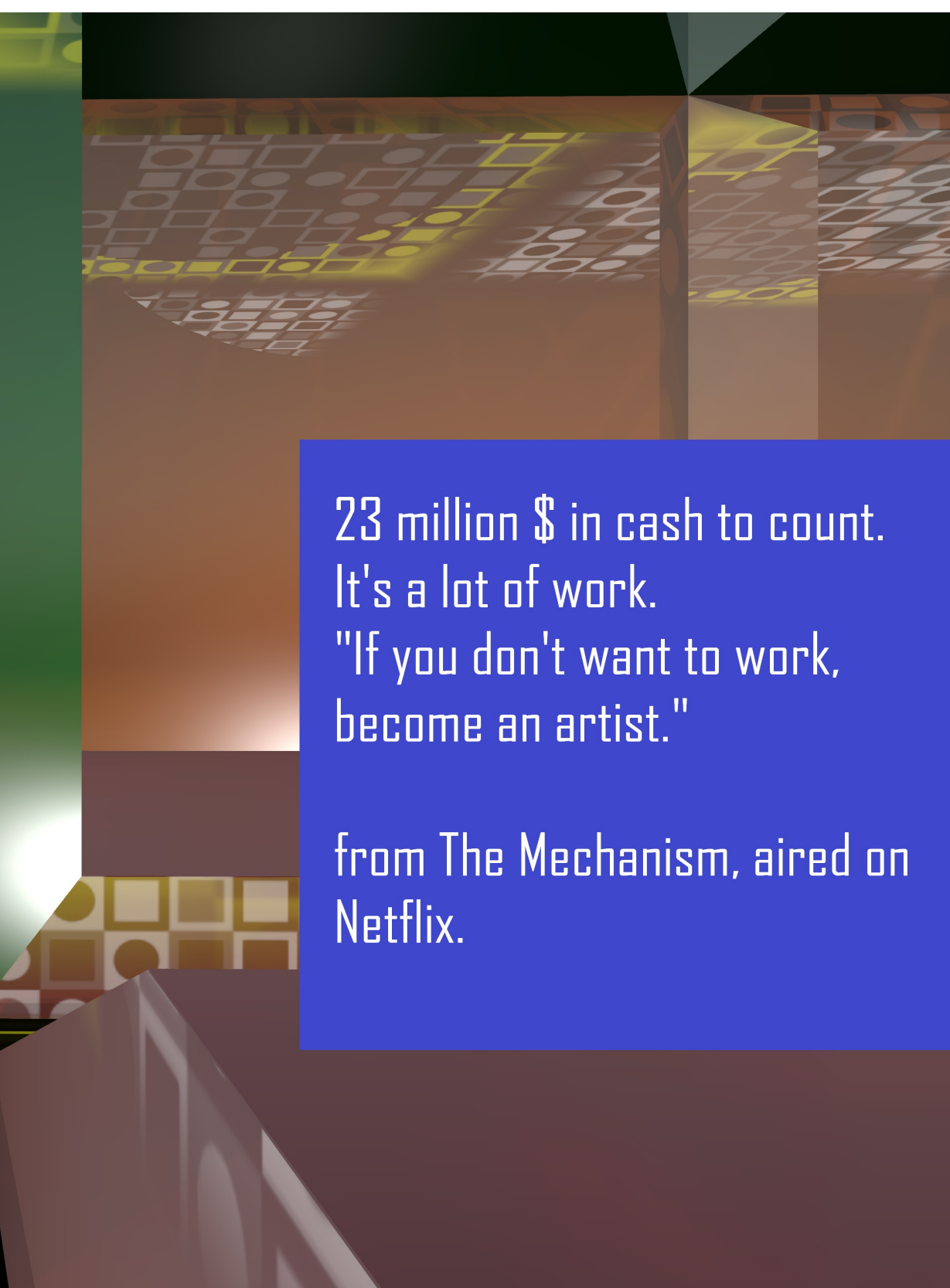


Biennale invites you to Coke & Cookie, to SPAM and Art. The theme is Neighbourhood. The Call for papers is a political one. Sadly, I don't have the power to establish a political party where no one is forced to eat cookies.

The NO COOKIE PARTY would be an inspiring name to make people think. That everyone now accepts everything behind the mandatory asking "YOU MUST AGREE" before you continue opens the door to accept

this website, you agree to their use.
[Cookie Policy](#)

Close and accept



23 million \$ in cash to count.
It's a lot of work.
"If you don't want to work,
become an artist."

from The Mechanism, aired on
Netflix.

everything and anything. Even when you just search for the TV program of today you accept the full package that the state of the art of technology can offer, to track you for and back. Nice to see you on webcam then. I don't see you, The Mechanism does, so why blame me? I am just a messenger. The Mechanism shall scare you, but *rez Magazine* shall not. It is holiday times.

ApplePie Cookie

Hello Art! I am a cookie from a third-party and have a touch of apple and lemon in me. Made for you! My name is ApplePie.

Everyone likes apple pie.

Just Google it.

. r — e — z .

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#neighbourhood

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THE 4TH LAW

THE HANGED MAN

Isaac Asimov's "Three Laws of Robotics"

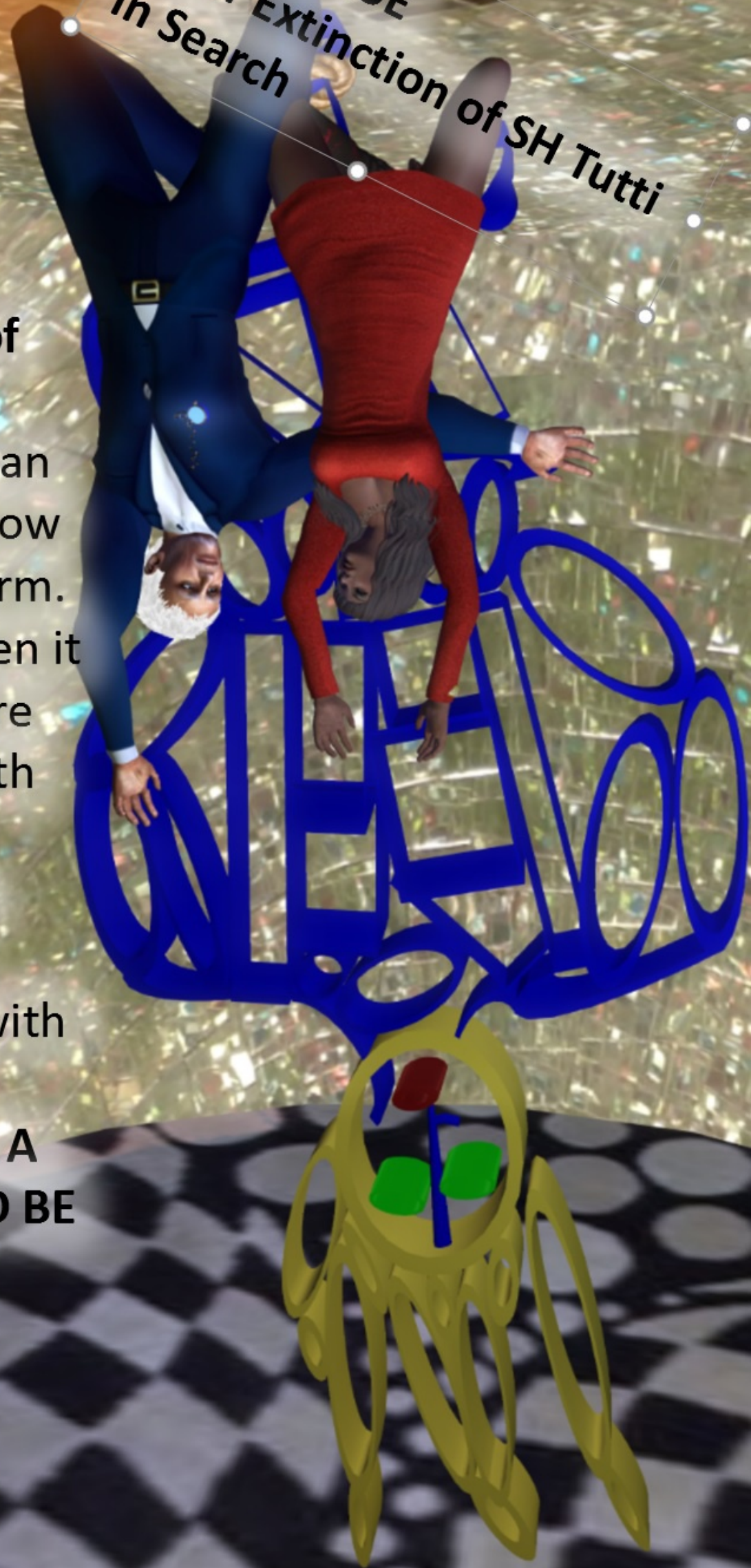
A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.
A robot must obey orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.

A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

A ROBOT MUST NOT ACCEPT A CODE WHERE IT IS STATED TO BE FROM NOW ON HUMAN.

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AUGUST 11, 11 AM PDT
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BY SECONDHAND TUTTI

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